# Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

"PLEDGED BUT TO TRUTH, TO LIBERTY AND LAW."

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. APRIL 15, 1858.

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#### VOLUME XIV.

## Select Boetry.

#### The Printer's Consolation.

Tell me, ye winged winds That round my pathway play, Is there no place on earth Where printers get their pay?

The whispering breeze went by-With accent filled with woe, A voice borne on the sorrowing air In sadness answers "No!"

"Tell me, ye flowing streams, That smoothly glide along, Is there one cherished place

Where printers meet no wrong? The gentle brook replied— Its murmurs soft and low-And winding on its verdant way, It meekly answered "No!"

Tell me, ye murky clouds, Now rising in the west, Is there upon the globe One spot by printers blest? The flashing clouds outspoke With an indignant glow-

A voice that filled the earth with aw

In thunders answered "No!" Tell me, hard hearted man, Withholding day by day, Is there no honor in thy breast, The printer's bill to pay?

Unanswering turns he round-How plain his actions show; An uttered oath capt sound is heard His actions answer "No!"

Tell me, ye gentle nymphs; Who bless life's hours through: Is there one sacred shrine Where printers get their due? A mantling blush her check diffused; Did tenfold grace impart,

A soft, responsive sigh replied:

Tell me, angelic hosts, Ye messengers of love. Shall suffering printers here below Have no redress above?

'Tis found in woman's heart!"

The angel hands replied, "To us is knowledge given-Delinquents on the printer's books Can never enter heaven!"

## Select Alierellung.

### ALIFE LESSON

BY WILL TRACY.

Fred Stanton sat in his room gazing at the fire lost in thought Kind-heart evening's amusement shall go towards ed and generally happy, that night he making those poor orphans happy. O! was not himself. His employer, one of how many there are in this city who the richest men in the city, and as could be made happy by the money Fred described him, "a man with an which will be thrown away to morrow iron heart," had sent him, that afternoon, night." to collect a quarter's rent of one of his Fred said nothing, and the two friends they were unable to pay, to order them that Albert fulfilled his promise. After to move "in less than twenty four hours." scanty salary was barely sufficient for man happy. — Waverly Magazine. their own wants. He had come to the conclusion to appeal to his employ-

to the fire and sat down. Fled looked at the fire a moment, and then answered.

"No, Albert I can't afford it." "Pshaw, man!" exclaimed Albert; "what did you suppose I asked you for, if not to pay the bills? Father is not so stingy of his money to me as he is to you. I am an only son, you know, and he indulges me a great deal; besides, you have not been to a single ball this season, and I want you to go and enjoy yourself for once.'

"If you are not engaged this evening, I should like to have you go with me, Albert," said Fred, without answering his friend's invitation.

Albert declared himself disengaged and taking their coats and hats, they soon stood upon the sidewalk.

"Now, Fred,' said Albert, "where do you propose to lead me?" "You shall see very soon," answered

Fred; and the two friends walked on in

At length Fred turned up a narrow alley and entered an old wooden house, which gave evident signs of being the abode of poverty.
"Why this is one of father's old

houses," said Albert. Fred gave no answer to this indirect question, but led the way up a narrow and dilapidated flight of stairs and knocked at a door at the head of the

"Come in," said a feeble voice; they work, has lately heard from her two the first time, to display only the best entered, and Albert drew back with sons. One of them is barkeeper on a qualities of heart and mind. They will Upon a mattrass, in one corner of the brick yard.

room, lay a woman who had evidently once been very beautiful; but hunger and want had left their marks upon her, and she was now in the last stage of We chartered an omnibus for two on consumption. Two little children stood Christmas, and started; "Widder," shivering by the fire, which had been said I, "where shall we go to?" She the graveyard on the hill beside her lit-kindled from some article of furniture, blushed, and said she didn't like to say. pieces of which lay upon the hearth .- I told her she mutt say. Two broken chairs and a table constitu-

The woman told their story briefly .-They were English people of respectability, and had been in America about ten months. Her husband and oldest child had died some three months before, and since then she had lived, first Jehuel, I can't stand it!" would not have made a hearty meal for one of the children.

At this point in her story she paused a heartless brute, so you are." from exhaustion. Fred looked around returned with a basket laden with pro- I'd boot him, sure." visions. Placing it upon the table, he hausted.

At last it was emptied; and then calling the children who needed no second invitation, he told them to eat their fill, last she said-

"God bless you, sir. I know our good Father would never let these little children starve. As for me I shall soon know no more suffering." "Have you no friends or relation

here?" asked Fred. "I have a brother in Chicago," she remy children were with him, I could die and you are not the she." happy; but God's will be done; he is in-

Freds room. Then Albert said-"You have learned me a lesson to- struck the payement.

night, Fred; the money which I would have spent worse than uselessly for an

poorest tenants, and had told him, if parted in silence. It is needless to add to move "in less than twenty four hours." derraying the land of the next day; coatrimony and the widder."

They were unable to pay, and this was mother, who died during the next day; coatrimony and the widder."

He started, so did the widder, and what troubled Fred; for he knew they the children were sent to their uncle, were honest, and would pay every cent, and Albert was made happy by the conif able. His hands were tied, for he had sciousness of having done a good deed having the start of about a hundred a widowed mother to support, and his Truly, how little it needs to make a yards. Foot by foot the widder gained.

WHERE THE PLASTER WAS .- A cerer. This, however, was the last resort, and one which did not promise much by the way.) was recently called in to see a lady who had taken suddently ill.

"I want you to go to the Tigors ball with me to-morrow night, Fred," said Albert, as soon as he had drawn a chair to the first and the negro nurse hunted high and low, in every probable place, for the plaster, but in vain; it was gone, no one could tell where. The nurse had seen the doctor lay it on a chair, and it

had then disappeared There was no other alternative but to go to work and make another, which was accordingly done. But still the question would present itself to all, waht has

become of that plaster? The circumstance of its having been sprited away began to tell unfavorably on the sick lady's nervous sensibility; but the doctor could not help it; he could

not explain the mystery.

The doctor in a deep brown study prepared to leave, and stood up before the fire to warm himself, before encountering the could without. Through the force of a vulgar habit, he parted his coat tails behind, when nurse, displaying four inches of ivory said :

"I hab dun foun dat plaster, massa doctor!" "Where?" eagerly asked the doctor-

"where?" "You got it shind," said the purse. grinning. The doctor clapped his hand behind.

and there it was sticking fast to the seat of his breeches, where he had sat down on it upon the chair.

This was too much for the modest doctor. He seized his hat and bolted; nor could he be prevailed on to visit that lady again during her sickness.

respectable to bring up her children to the presence of persons who see you for flatboat and the other is steward of a always judge you under this first impres-

. Bace with a Widow. Merciful Jehosophat and big onions what a time I've had with that widder.

"Well, Jehuel, if you insist upon it,

"What for, widder?" said I. "Oh, Jehuel, how can you ask me?"
"Cause I want to know," said I. "Well, (blushing, redder than beet) t is such cold weather now, and the

nights are so awful cold, and-oh,

"If you can't understand me, you're

"Hold your horses!" said I. "What's for Albert, but he was not in the room. all this about? I'm not a brute, nor He had stolen out unobserved, and soon never was; and if a man called me that

And then I biled right over, and unslice of ham, until the basket seemed to saw that I was going to explode, or else would not be soothed until I dried up Fred like a fairy's purse, never to be ex- collapse my windwipe, and she flung my own rebellious tears, and stilled the to mine, and cooled right down.

"Jehuel, dear !" said she, in an insinvatin' way, and a voice as sweet as a sweet.

"What word, marm?" "Oh you stupid; Jehuel dear, I mean the word married, love." "Married, widder!" said I; "did you

mean that? "Indeed I did, Jehuel, love !" "I have a brother in Chicago," she re-plied, "but I am too feeble to go to him, Jehuel Love, nor Jehuel Dear, nor Jeeven if I had the means to go with. I huel Sweet, I'd have you now; and I feel I shall live but a short time; and if won't get married to nobody but one,

happy; but God's will be done; he is indeed a Father to orphans."

'No, kind sir," she answered; something tells me I shall live but a few hours more; but fulfil your promise to my children and you have a dying mothant of the straw. But in a moment she was, his eyes were full of tears; and, after making her as comfort.

Albert could say no more. Strong man as he was, his eyes were full of tears; and, after making her as comfort.

The few brief weeks she remained with up against the upper end of the omnibus. Crack live in the sunlight of God's presence; but fulfil your promise to feel that heaven, the hours of her brothers, "was about her." Her perfect arose again, and made one more dash at well as an hourly support, as the straw. But in a moment she well as an hourly reproof to my own timid, half-hearted, fearful faith.

'Oh, pewter pennics, but didn't she rave! She made one dash at me, I to sleep. After that she wept no more. It is all hive surface trust in politicianers; Is say it again.—Both sides used me jist alike. Here I have been serving my country more or less, these ten years, like a patriot—go in the straw. But in a moment she well as an hourly support, as sometime in the dust, don't your cause I can't get either. Put not your trust in politicianers; Is say it again.—Both sides used me jist alike. Here I have been serving my country more or less, these ten years, like a patriot—go in the straw. But in a moment she well as an hourly support, as support, as an hourly reproof to my own timid, half-hearted, fearful faith.

Reading ones own Obituary.

"I gibs dat up."

"I gibs dat up." tears; and, after making her as comfort- me. I dropped-she went over me and timid, half-hearted, fearful faith.

rom her pug nose.

"Drive on ! drive on !" I shouted. " here to !" asked the driver. "To the devil-to Harlem-to Ma-

comb's Dam anywhere, so that we escape then we had it up the avenue, the buss Thinks I, Jehuel, you are a goner. I thought it best to lighten ship. So first

I hove overboard the straw. Still she gained on me. Then overboard went the cushions. But still she

life is sweeter than a coat, and my tailor and turning back to earth, she said in a is making me a new one. Here we clear, sweet voice. gained full two hundred yards but on "Oh, ma! good she came again. Once more I could see the Jessie, God will come for you too, the green in her eyes-merciful Moses. AFTER AWHILE."

"Driver," said I, "kill them horses or get another mile out of them.' "Will you pay for 'em?" he said.

"Yes,, yes," said I, "only save me from the widder." By cracky, we did slide; the widdow no onger gained, but she held her own the Red Hose-through Harlem-where Capt. Graham, with three mounted po licemen in vain attempted to catch us,

running away with some bank fund. My only hope was in reaching Degarots ahead of her, for I knew they would hide me. We were on the bridge, and oh, Moses, the draw was up, and a sloop going through. "Driver,"

"I'll do it or die !" he cried. And he did it. The widdow jumped after us, fell into the Harlem river, and hasn't been heard of since.

"Take care," recommended a father to The lady who did not think it his children, "when you find yourself in sion. The father knew the world.

### "AFTER AWHILE"

#### BY ANNA BLYTHEWOOD,

Blessed little Jessie! she sleeps in the graveyard on the hill beside her litwont to awaken her merry shouts and gleeful laugh : she sleeps beside them. ted the entire household property, and and I am to have my choice, I'd rather the room looked gloomy and desolate go to church." gether, led by the "Good Shepard" through the flowery meads and beside

the still, sunshiny waters of paradise.

She is safely housed from the storm

and flowers in the cool, dewy morning.

sie! I miss thee everywhere. bright, bright land to which the "Good Shepherd" had borne our pet lambs .ub inhabitants and its angel music, her

"Oh! ma, will we ever go there?" "Yes, yes, my child," I replied, "God will come for us, after awhile."

"Then Jessie will not cry any more, ma," she said.

And so, with faith and love and hope in her little heart, the sweet child sunk "Oh, pewter pennics, but didn't she to sleep. After that she wept no more.

sailor.

Stop that White Coat—breach of promise—reward—Herald—publish," with her infant soul, the unrevealed shrieked the widder, in tone of mortal states. Her beautiful nead me out of all my arnings. I can't get me out of all my arnings. I can't get as he lived. "If you don't get your ward, long and silently, as if reading, with her infant soul, the unrevealed mystery of heaven. A mist gathered base incipitation. It was after. I scorns the dead," said he. shrieked the widder, in tone of mortal mystery of heaven. A mist gathered base insinivation. I only wanted to be The morrow came and passed, but no agony, while tears of blood streamed slowly over her bright eyes; then hung, took care of, and have nothing to do but money. Judge of the Sheriff's feelings

> her and said, "What is the matter, Jessie?" around my neck, and sobbed out,

coming." I whispered words of comfort and submission, and bade her be patient, and trusting, and good, and God would

come "after awhile." After awhile! Ah! little did I At this point he was aroused from his reverie by a knock at the door. 'Come in,' said Fred. The door was opened, and a young man, apparently about Fred's age, entered. It was Albert Greenough, the son of Freds employer; but, notwithstanding their different stations in life, they were firm friends.

The doctor found the application of the mustard plaster necessary, and accordingly went to work and made one, and laid it carefully by to prepare the lady for its application. Everything was ready, and the doctor sought the plaster, but strange so say, it had disappeared.

The doctor found the application of the "More steam, driver, for mercy's sake!' I yelled.

"We are going faster than the law allows now," he answered. "Thirteen miles an hour."

Jehosephat, how the widow run; she hove off her bonnet and came up hand we awoke Startled, trembling. Weenso I off my white coat and flung it right geutle light of the morning gleamed down in her path. She sprang on it like upon the casement, just as she was ala she panther, and tore it to pieces. Oh, most ready to begin the song of the ranhow they flew. I wept to see it go, but somed in heaven, her spirit paused,

"Oh, ma! good ma! don't cry for lit-

Too Good to BE Lost .- Rev. Arthur Brown, of Kingsville, Ohio, distinguished for his profession of great piety, was not long since engaged with others in carrying forward a protracted meeting at beautifully. Thus we had it-out past to induce individuals to "go forward." Father Brown had a son named Hulburt, commonly "Hubb-a droll, graceless, harum-scarum fellow-with more he probably supposing that we were running away with some bank fund. His father urged him to "go forward," one night. "Hadn't you better go forward Hulburt?', enquired the old man, very meekly. "No," said "Hubb," "I am too far forward now!" "My dear son," again inquired the old man, with said I, jump that brige and I'll make great solemnity, "don't you feel any your fortune for life, sure as you're change?" "Hubb" drew himself up. and thrust both arms deep into his pockets, and with a serious face and emphatic tone, replied: "Not a d-d red, fath-

The effect upon the congregation can be imagined, but not expressed.

The Turks have a proverb that add-Madame Fashion tempts both!

Beauty is only skin deep .- Well, it looks first rate as far as it goes.

#### The Victim of Politics. Show You Have a Heart.

"A long time ago, my ma used to put on her spees, and say. "Peter, my son, put not your trust in princes;" and from that day to this, I havn't done anything of the kind, because none of them ever wanted to borrow anything of me; and I never see a prince or a king-but one or stern material present; invited to help en some remnant on his plate, not betwo, and they had been rotated out of in rendering joyful many a pleasant cause he wanted it, but to prevent its office—to borrow nothing of them.—

Princes! pooh! Put not your trust in might have done it, and continually decaten as much as you wanted, and were politicianers—them's my sentiments.— fraud creation of its share of kindness about pushing back from the table, when

by selling her few articles of furniture, and then by the charity of her neighbors; but, they, too, were poor, and for the widder riled, she biled right over.

The widder riled, she biled right over. the mellow twilight, her little sister two days, all they had eaten like a quart of milk on the fire, and list two days, all they had eaten like a quart of milk on the fire, and list two days, all they had eaten like a quart of milk on the fire, and list two days, all they had eaten like a quart of milk on the fire, and list two days, all they had eaten like a quart of milk on the fire, and list two days, all they had eaten like a quart of milk on the fire, and list two days, all they had eaten like a quart of milk on the fire, and list two days, all they had eaten list two days. I miss her when in the list two days, all they had eaten list two days, all they had eaten list two days are two days are two days. I miss her when in the list two days are kneels beside me to lisp her evening for the salvation of freedom, I couldn't gratified by attention and respect, and and the other, and before you were aware prayer. I miss her when I gather buds work. I tried to guess which side was looking out to benefit the kindly—how of it, you had "made out" a considerable going to win, and I stuck to it like wax; many pleasures here for one hand to supper When I lie down at night, I miss the warm clasp of her dimpled hand and the fragrance of her soft breath. Dear Jesie! I miss thee everywhere.

When her brothers were covered up good I was after; and what could I do serve of tongue—for it's folly to be talk-"is done," he "quits—a thing which radrew from it loaf after loaf, then a package of tea, a piece of the specific Whenever the battle was over, no matter what side was sharing out the loaves other men are cold; selfishness—for evher arms around my neck, put her lips bursting of my heart, to tell her of the and fishes, and I stepped up, I'll be ery one is struggling for his own. This hanged if they didn't cram all they is all false, all bad; the slavery chain of could into their mouths, put their arms custom rivited by the foolishness of As I talked of its glories; its pure "river over some, and grab at the rest with fashion; because there is ever a band of while they were cating, or rather devouring the food before them, the mother of looked on with grateful eyes. At least of sweet as a last time of same and grab at the rest with fashion; because there is ever a band of water;" its wonderful trees, ever bear-their paws, and say, "Go away, white men and women who have nothing to ing, ever budding, ever blooming; of its man, you ai'nt capable." Capable! recommend them but externals—their say it all; you finish the word, Jehuel, fadeless flowers and balmy air; its chertain what's the reason I ain't capable. I've looks are their dresses, their ranks are got as extensive a throat as any of them | their wealth-and in order to exalt the sobs ceased; and looking up into my face with a light in her eyes, which es without choking; if each loaf was as pact seal of silence in the heart and on es without choking; if each loaf was as pact seal of silence in the heart and on seemed like a sudden glance from the land of glory, she murmured, softly, big as a sturgeon. Give Peter a chance, men's affections, or of wiser men's inteland when I called—"I want some spoils.

Whichever side gets in, share the spoils, don't they?" So they first grins, and then they ups and tells me that virass, shamed by the effrontery of cold, tue li e mine was its own regard, and calm fools, and the shallow dignity of an that spoils might spoil me. But it as empty presence. Turn the table on no spoils that spoilt me, and no loaf and them, ye truer gentry, truer nobility fish that starved me. I'm spoilt be-

This is the way old soldiers are served! sex; with an obituary notice attached, Well, well, live and learn! The world's giving the deceased credit for a good She suddently threw her tiny arms not what a man takes it for before he many excellent traits of character but finds it out. Whiskers grows sooner adding that he had one fault very much "Oh! ma, me think God is so long than experience does. Genus and pa- to be deplored-he was not punctual in trictism ain't got no chance-ain't got paying the printer.

> A PARODY. Youngster, spare that girl, Kiss not those lips so meek, Unruffled let the fair lock curl Upon the maiden's cheek. Believe her quite a saint, Her looks are all d'vine; Her rosy hue is paint!

n ry look.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION .- Inquir ing gentleman -Mrs. Brown, is Mr. funct!" Smith, your boarder, a man to be trurst-

Her form is crinoline!

Mrs. Brown-I don't no anybody more so. I've trusted him for two years, 'Did you not tell me"and I expect to trust him forever He never pays.

Some of the bacelors of the Ohio Legislature are for a tax on bustles !-We never knew a bachelor yet that hadn't something to say against the ladies behind their backs.

The humblest thing in the world is a clock-it is always running itself ber. that place. An "anxious seat" had been down. It is the most bashful, too, as it provided, and great efforts were made is always holding its hands before its down. It is the most bashful, too, as it

> Two friends were dining togethe one of whom remarked-"As I am going abroad, I have made my will, and I have bequeathed to you

my whole stock of impudence." The other replied-"You are very generous as well as kind. You have left by far the largest

portion of your estate." Married well, now means yoking two fools together, with plenty of money to justify the folly. Hearts, brains and virtue have gone out of date.

The following is Dr Elder's re cipe for a popular lecture,-"Take one drop of thought, beat it up in a bushel "the devil tempts industrious men, but of bubble, and throw rainbows upon it or a salamander safe. idle men tempt the devil." We might for one hour." Best recipe we know

> Bad for the head-one hickory olub, or four whisky punches.

the still, sunshing waters of paradise.

She is safely housed from the storm and the tempest, and securely nestles in the Saviour's bosom.

But ah! how I miss her. I miss the soft carees of her dewy lips and the pure light of her sweet blue eyes, when the still, sunshing waters of paradise.

You might just as well try to hold an from us. The hild made merrier by your interest in its toy: the old domestic flattered by our seeing him look so well; the poor, better helped by your blessing to," and before you are done, have eather any our penny (though give the penny to): the laborer cheered on in his done before!

Many a time have you come down to

lifty times, and having more black eyes lisher of the Newport (Mass.) Herald (a able as they could, they withdiew butted the door of the omnibus. The Neither spoke a word till they stood in strap broke and out she went—her gait. strap broke and out she went—her gait on the low door step, watching the stars, and for the purity of our legal rights; been asked several times to pay up his as one by one they silently lighted up and for what? Why, for nix. If any arrears of subscription. At last he one illegal? "Drive on!" I yelled to the driver.

"Woman overboard!" cried a passing deep blue azure. Her beautiful head put it in her own pocket, and swindled "hand over" the next morning as sure

like dew drops, on the long, sliky lash- to take care of the public; and I've only when, on the morning of the day after, es, and rolled over her plump, rosy got half-nothing to do! Being took he opened his paper, and saw announced cheek; a sigh, rather felt than heard, care of was the main thing. Republics the lamented decease of Philip Bagely, parted her lips; and when I bent over is ungrateful! I'm blasted if they ain't.

Bagley, without waiting for his break-fast started for the Herald office. On the way it street him to be at this present."

the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he mot seemed to be surprised to see him. They must read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more! Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office to deny that he was dead. "Why Sheriff!," exclaimed the face-

tious editor, "I thought you were de-"Defunct!" exclaimed the Sheriff .-'What put that idea into your head?" "Why, you yourself!' said Mycall

"Oh! ah! yes! I see!" stammered out the Sheriff. "Well, there's your money! And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please." "That's not necessary, friend Bagley, said the sly joker; "It was only printed

in your copy!
The good Sheriff lived many years after this, "sell," and to the day of his death always took care to pay the priu-

A wise man will speak well of his leighbor, love his wife, take home a newspaper, and pay for it in advance.

The lady who "burst her sides a laughing," had them mended by her husband coming into her front parlor with muddy boots.

How much more difficult is it to get a woman out on a wet Sunday than on a wet week day. Can the shut shops have anything to do with this?

Young Ladies should guard homselves against undue familiarity, however innocent.

Heaven is not reached by the rail; neither is hell escaped by respectability

Men. A Dublin mercer, recommending piece of silk to a lady for a gown, said the gates of heaven. "Madam, it will wear forever, and make a pettiddat aftewards."

#### NUMBER 14

In this dull world we cheat ourselves How many people eat to make it eaven

"Sam, why am lawyers like the "I don't meddle wid dat subjek

"Why, don't you see, nigger, case dey If you wan't an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear

Pomp.

watch seals about the size of a brickbat. A mother was hugging and kissing a "four-year-old," when she ex-

"Charley, what does make you so Charley thought a moment, and hav-

ing been told that he was made out of the ground, replied-'I think, mother, God must have put little thugar in the dust, don't you?"

The cradle is a woman's ballot-

One of the Western editors, speaking of a large and fat cotemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "Well, ahem! I am," quoth the fat man; "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

the way the "ghost of the departed," reminds me of Joe Kelly's ghost coming to his wife.

"Faith, its a sort of a half-way house

between you and heaven," says Joe, "but I stand it mighty aisey, after lavin' you. Aim high in life. If you don't hit the stars, you can land in the mud .-Any thing is better than stupid inac-

tion. Even a muddy man is worth a

half dozen lazy ones. An exchange paper says: there is nothing like nature as developed in feminines; for no sooner does a female juvenile begin to walk and notice things than it takes after its mother and wants a baby, It is almost incredible how much of matter and feelings is wasted on

rag babies and squint eyed Ducth Dolls." A rather heard-hearted fellow says that the best way of stopping the fountain of a lady's tears, is to 'dam her

eyes." Man-A bubble on the ocean's roll-

Life-A gleam of light extinguished by the grave. Fame-A meeter dazzling with its

distant glare. Wealth-A source of trouble and

Pleasure-A gleam of sunshine passng soon away. Love-A morning dream whose memory gilds the day.

Faith-An anchor drapped beyond the vale of death. Hope-A lone star beaming o'er the

barren heath. Charity-A stream meandering from the font of love. Bible-A guide to realms of endless.

joy above. Religion-A key which opens wide

Death-A knife by which the ties of earth are riven.